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E U L O G Y

THEODORE K. BROIDO



Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
August 14, 1984

Temple Emanu-El
New York, N.Y.

With heavy hearts we gather in this sanctuary to say farewell to a friend, to bid a final adieu to Ted Broido who meant so very much to all of us, whose counsel guided us, whose care upheld us, whose strength in adversity inspired us.

The agonizing "why" of suffering remains unanswered, does it not? Why? Why did it have to happen? Why this relentless law of life that exacts the price of sorrow for each of its joys, the penalty of loss for each of its gifts? Oh, I suppose, in the end death was not grievous for Ted. It even came as a kind of deliverance. It finally ended his intolerable pain. But why the illness, this dread disease that so ravages a man, that he yearns for death to bring him release?

Ted was too young, only fifty-six years old, far shy of that three-score years and ten that Scripture allots us. He still had so much to give and we to receive -- and now we stand bereft. No longer will he return to us, nor to his home. His place will know him no more.

Our hearts go out to Sally, to Ted's children, Andrea and Billy and Steve and Tom, their spouses, Sally's children, too. And, of course, to Joe, Ted's faithful brother. They feel the loss most keenly, yet there is precious little that we can say to them. Words bring but scant comfort. Yet perhaps the knowledge that there are others who share their sorrow will bring them at least a "chatsi nehama," a half measure of consolation.

There are many others who mourn today and your rabbis count themselves among them. We do more now than give voice to the plaints of others. We speak for ourselves as well. We, too, are bereft; our friend is no more. Indeed, I wear this atarah (against the custom of Temple Emanu-El but with Ronnie's permission) because Ted himself gave it to me with so much love.

How fitting it is that Ted's final tribute should be held right here in this place. After all, this is the matrix from which he sprang. Temple Emanu-El was his spiritual womb. And when he grew older he enlarged his love-guarded home, but only to encompass the building across the street. And then the two became his entire life: Temple Emanu-El and the U.A.H.C.

This phrase sounds platitudinous and hyperbolic: "The Union was his Life" and yet in Ted's case it is descriptive of reality. This is what the Union was -- Ted's life. He lived it, he breathed it, he seized it with all his might until it became his very own. It was the blood that coursed through his veins, the breath that heaved in his breast, the song that danced in his limbs. The Union was his vital force, the source that gave him strength and life.

Of course I don't mean a building or an institution now. I mean rather the unique conception of our faith which these two buildings enshrine: American Judaism, Reform Judaism in all of its manifestations - worship and camping and youth and social action and the embrace of Israel and the Jewish people. These are the ideas and ideals that stirred within Ted and bestirred him to serve with all his heart and soul and might.

Ted was a pious, believing Reform Jew. The phrase was no oxymoron for him, no juxtaposition of contradictory, incongruous words. He was a Reform Jew and he was pious, he truly believed. He often told me how deeply he appreciated the visits of Steve Jacobs to his hospital bedside and who began his pastoral calls not with the customary friendly chatter, but rather with the words: "Come now, Ted, let's pray" and the two of them prayed.

Ted cared for people. He may not have been the most efficient of administrators, but he was superior in this: he cared for his staff. He forgave them their failings. He defended them even to a fault. He insisted on the equal treatment of all whether they were clerks in the mailroom or executives on the 9th floor.

He favored no one, well almost no one, for there is one prejudice to which Ted himself would have confessed: he loved rabbis. I don't mean rabbinic members of the Union staff now, but rabbis as a whole, rabbis anywhere, rabbis everywhere.

Maybe it all goes back to Samuel Goldenson, erstwhile Senior Rabbi of Emanu-El who was Ted's idol or to the fact that Ted really wanted to be a rabbi and could have been and maybe should have been. Whatever the reason, the Reform Rabbinate never had and never will have a better friend than Ted. His work in the realm of Rabbinic Pension and Placement and especially Conciliation was without peer. Countless rabbis throughout this land owe their continuing careers or their ability to retire with security and dignity only to Ted.

When I saw him for the last time in the hospital, his voice could scarcely be heard and his thought patterns no longer reflected a logical sequence. He was heavily drugged or his excruciating pain did not allow him fully to focus. Still, here and there I could catch some snatches: "Important meeting ...Conference...Tuesday (that's today)...must talk to Joe Glaser...have him call me..." These random phrases, coming as they did from his fevered mind, demonstrate how deep-rooted his concern for the rabbinate was.

It is a caring and love which was requited in full measure, by the rabbinate, by the Reform Jewish community in its entirety -- and Ted knew it!

How wonderful it was that he recovered sufficiently from his heart operation and its fearsome complications to be able to attend the Board meetings of the Union and the Convention of the Conference in June so that he could feel what his life and being meant to all of us. Indeed, Joe Broido assesses and I concur, that Ted would never have recovered from that first operation were it not for the tender friendship with which he was surrounded by the far-flung family of Reform Judaism. It was their love alone which succeeded in pulling him out of the very valley of the shadow of death.

It is this love -- coupled as it is with affectionate remembrance-- which will continue to bridge the chasm that separates the living from the dead. And thus it is that Ted's name will remain in our midst as an inspiring model and exemplar of devotion to God, to Judaism, and to the Jewish people.

And for Ted himself, hopefully he has now found his rest under the sheltering wings of God's presence.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night
Envy and Calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not and torture not again.

AMEN

Eulogy: Steven Pines
Delivered by Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
October 20, 1982
Temple Shaaray Tefila, Bedford, New York

My friends, we are gathered in this house of God impelled by a common sorrow summoned by the sad duty to speak a final word of farewell to Steven Pines who is torn from our midst. These holy halls usually reverberating with festive song, today are filled with the plaintive strains of sorrow for a chord is loosed, the silver chain is broken, strong bonds of family and friendship are torn asunder by cruel death.

Why? Why did it have to happen? Why, o God, art Thou so far from the voice of our supplication. There is no answer to these "whys" of human suffering. If the truth be told, we do not even know the questions! The questions are a silence... The answers are a silence.... Both are an endless silent scream reaching to the very heavens -- where God is silent too.

Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do. But especially is this true today, because Steven's death came with such a suddenness, so long before his time and wilfully, violently. And so the regret that normally comes with the death of someone we love is magnified, intensified.

Guilt and sorrow intermingle within us. Indeed, the sense of culpability almost overpowers our sense of loss. The questions gnaw, they interrupt our sleep, they never cease to torture. Is there anything we could have done to avert all this? Is there anything we might have said to forestall this tragedy? Alas, there isn't! No one here brought it to be. No one here could have prevented it. It simply happened. It is life -- life which brings us not only those beautiful things we crave but also those fearsome things in their infinite variety from which we shrink.

In the final analysis every human being is really alone. He is born alone. He is born alone and destined to die alone. Those about him can be supportive, yet their role perforce is only secondary. The real struggling goes on in the individual soul. Even so it was with Steve. He lived in a tunnel, as it were, beneath the sea. The voices of family and friends came only from afar. He could scarcely hear them. He could not respond to them. The sea pounded on relentlessly and gave him no surcease, until in the end he could no longer suffer it.

There is no need for guilt, then, none whatsoever. But there is a need for sorrow, for mourning. Our sense of loss is fully justified, the loss of what he might have been and the loss of all that he was.

Steve, at his best, was really something, was he not? He was tall, handsome, striking in appearance. He was intelligent and used his mind exceedingly well. It was an inventive mind. While he was yet in college, he began a successful venture based on his original idea which found its imitators and grew into a veritable industry. He was remarkably articulate. Read some of his letters and see! His perceptions were profound, and the manner in which he gave them expression was extraordinary.

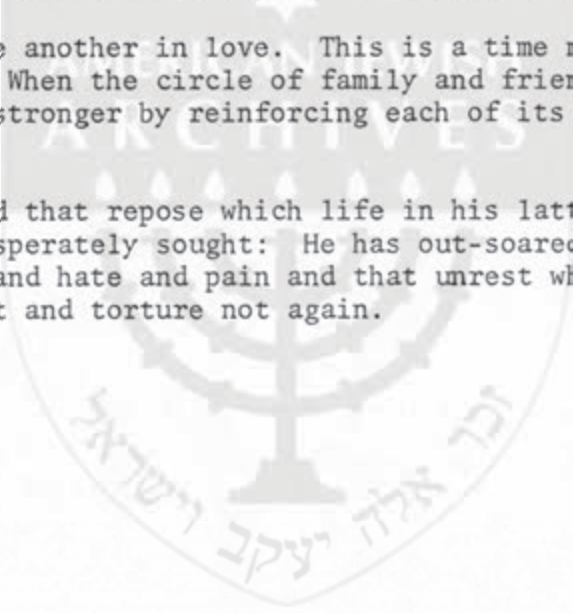
These letters attest to his sound value system. His standards were very high. But he imposed them primarily on himself. With others his judgments were far more mellow. Perhaps he was too open here. Many friends disappointed him. They took advantage of his all too trusting nature. But he forgave them quickly. He was exacting only with himself.

He cared for others, he truly did. He had a passion for life and for people. That is made amply manifest in those superb photographs which he took wherever he went. They bear lasting testimony to his essential decency. He clearly saw what others are too blind to see. He sensed what others are too dulled to sense: The suffering of humankind. And so he captured it on film for all to sense and see and to respond.

Aye, Steve at his best was really something, was he not? An altogether precious sensitive human being. And that is precisely how we should remember him. Not by weeping. Not by wailing. Not by watering his grave with our tears. But by emulating him at his finest: When he thought and felt and cared.

And so let us turn to one another in love. This is a time not for recrimination but for reconciliation. When the circle of family and friends grows smaller, we must resolve to make it stronger by reinforcing each of its links with an even greater love.

As for Steve, may he find that repose which life in his latter years denied him, that calm which he so desperately sought: He has out-soared the shadow of our night, envy and calumny and hate and pain and that unrest which men miscall delight can touch him not and torture not again.



STEVEN PINES

10/20/82

Eulogy

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MIRIAM ROSENBLUM, Z.L.

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Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort. We cannot find them, except, perhaps, in the knowledge that we share a destiny common to every human being. We are all of us travellers along the same road which leads to the same end. Scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave. We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil. But long before the grasp approaches the reach, everything vanishes into nothingness.

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The first of these feelings assuredly is a sadness -- a hurtful, biting sadness that life had to end in such a way. No mellowing of days here, no softening as with sunset glow. It was a bitterness...a pulling down of pride...a mosaic of pain. Her final state -- and memories -- a heap of tumbling stones that once were builded stronger than a city wall.

No justice this, no truth in action, no earthly reason. Unless, of course, you follow the logic of the Book of Job that there are times when God tests our faith in the furnace of affliction. Well, if He did, then Miriam Rosenblum was clearly not found wanting.

Like Rhea, I learned to admire her most in this - her courage...her ability to take life's blows... her dauntlessness in defeat. I saw her during some of those terrible moments...the death of her husband, the anguish of burying a child, the decaying of her being - the loss of beauty and of memory which she sensed so keenly and the bodily pain itself. I never heard her complain...like Bontsche -- Job-like -- she was silent, a pained, puzzled look in her eye, and yes some tears, perhaps, even those mostly when she was alone. But never a plaint...neither against man nor against God... she suffered silently and always clung to faith.

Yes, she maintained her faith, even as she was a faithful daughter of her people. She identified herself with the Jewish community and furthered its work. She marked the Sabbath and the holidays, relishing especially those festival observances which united her family. She loved the land of Israel and labored to add to its strength.

Miriam was also endowed with an exceedingly well-refined sense of beauty. She was gladdened by it, she felt drawn to it, she surrounded herself with beautiful china and furniture and figurines. Here was another reason why she loved her daughters so much, because they were all of them and altogether comely -- and she delighted to adorn them with comely things.

Miriam herself was fair to see, most pleasing to the eye, especially her countenance, her hair, her eyes, her pleasing balanced features. She was aware of that and took pride in it and was stung by beauty's evanescence. I remember one most painful moment in the hospital when Rhea helped her walk about and they passed a mirror and Miriam cried out: "don't let me look in there....I don't want to see myself." It was the only time she raised her voice. She did not want to see herself as she was then because she knew that she would not see herself as she was once -- beautiful in countenance even as she remained beautiful in deed.

The essence of her beauty was love and the ultimate object of her love was her family, her husband, her daughters, her brother, her grandchildren - all nine of them: Shary and Sue and Steve and Amy and Lisa and Debra and Josh and Judy and Jon -- and Jessica -- she loved them fiercely. She took pride in their attainments, she fought for their well-being, much like a mother lioness protecting her young.

True, she had difficulty in giving physical expression to that love. She simply could not reach out and touch and I suspect that she herself was frustrated by this inhibition. Nor could she really verbalize her love -- find words in praise. Maybe it was her Yankee breeding -- the New Englander's traditional reserve, although I suspect an inhibition of a more ancient vintage, the 'keyn ayin horah' kind. She simply did not want to give an evil eye. But let there be no doubt about it...she loved, with an abounding love.

Bob and Chuck and I felt that love, too. Although we joked at times that we would never make it, after all we were only family members by marriage and not by blood. Still we felt her love and we reciprocated it with a full heart.

Who knows...maybe it was a lesser care...if only to a narrow degree. Isn't it always so? It must be so. It is the law of life: "All love begins and ends in motherhood. It roams enough, but having run the circle it (finally) rests at home." That was Miriam.

Of course, she loved Jim most of all, she shared his life, she suffered his pain, she gloried in his gladness. And when he died, though she lived on, her joy in life was gone.

That was Miriam: beautiful, and caring, and splendidly courageous. May the remembrance of her life and way guide our doing always.

Surely, it will enable us to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, to move through despair to hope, to turn from death to the tasks of life renewed.

This is the only manner in which we can do her honor, not by weeping, not by wailing, not by watering her grave with our tears. Only by living as she did and she desired, by turning to one another by loving those whom she loved in life.

As for Miriam...may she be granted that sweet sleep which eases and heals every kind of pain.

May 24, 1982
Alexander M. Schindler

Those who know me well know I'm an inveterate letter writer. Maybe I inherited this from Daddy or from Aunt Goldie. In any event, it's how I am most able to express my deepest feelings.

Dear Mother:

I've always told you how very special you were to me, to all of us. We felt your love, too. True, you couldn't always verbalize your love - still we heard you. You couldn't always demonstrate your love, still we felt it.

Certainly, you provided us with everything a mother could, responding generously to all our wants, trying your best to instill your values. We kicked when you took us to task but even when we did we knew that you were right. You did whatever you did because you wanted us to have the best.

Still, I did not know you fully until these latter years and especially these months of your painful illness. It was then I came to sense the real you. Your guts! Your resolve! Your courage! Your command of this whole damn illness from start to finish. Oh, such dignity! Such beauty! Such character! Real class! I've always admired you! I've always loved you but in the last few months I've come to understand why. It was you and you alone who made the unbearable bearable.

It wasn't just your illness. There were other, perhaps even more severe blows which came much earlier.

When Dad died, on whom you relied so much, you picked yourself up, went back into the office, learned to shift for yourself and asked nothing of us.

And when Judy died, you cried to yourself. You couldn't understand why but still you managed to cope in your own way!

What a magnificent example for all of us, but especially for your grandchildren. Though they cried for you these months, you gave them a legacy, a legacy of strength and courage.

When we were very young, we thought you strict and maybe you were. Austere maybe. Brittle maybe! But what a woman.

I've often thought, a lawyer in that day and age. What could you have done in our days with all our new freedoms. I suspect you could have done it all.

We will love you always.

Love,

Rhea

5/24/82

True biology retype,

we will have to
make 4 copies -

- ① Rhea
- ② Oebra
- ③ Phai
- ④ Susie

OK ^{made} ~~dist~~

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But because you were our mother, ~~we~~ thank you.

Love,

Rob will love you always.

Rob

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but long before the grasp approaches the reach
~~EVERYTHING~~ ~~it all~~ vanishes into nothingness.

Words do not come easy at a time like this they never ever do
But especially is this true today
for a rabbi speaks not just for those who stand at a greater distance.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ he speaks for himself as well — — — —

~~xx~~

— ~~AND~~ ^{the} he strives to give voice to ~~these~~ deep-souled feelings
of those who are most precious to him.

The first of these feelings assuredly is a sadness --

a hurtful, biting sadness that life had to end in such a way
no mellowing of days here
no softening as with sunset glow
it was a bitterness...a pulling down of pride...a mosaic of pain
her final state -- AND MEMORIES -- a heap of tumbling stones
that once were builded stronger than a city wall

No justice this, no truth in action, no earthly reason.

Unless of course you follow the logic of the Book of Job

that there are times when God tests our faith in the furnace of affliction. Well, if He did, then Miriam Rosenblum was ^{clearly} not found wanting.

Like Rhea, I learned to admire her most in this

her courage...her ability to take life's blows...~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

her dauntlessness in defeat

I saw her ^{during some} ~~in those~~ ^{terrible} ~~fearsome~~ moments... ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

the death of her husband

the anguish of burying a child

the anguish of burying a child
- the loss of beauty & of memory, which she
the decaying of her being ~~of which she was~~ ^{sensed} so keenly aware, so keenly

the ~~and finally~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ^{the} bodily ~~physic~~ pain itself -
~~But I never heard her complain~~ ~~But I never did I hear a plaint~~ ^{plein}...

ever did I hear a plaint
LIKE BONTSCHE -- JOB-LIKE -- SHE WAS SILENT
like Bontsche...she was silent... like Bontsche, like Job

a pained, puzzled look in hr eye, that yes

perhaps,
some tears, but even those mostly when she was alone,
but never a [^]
~~but no~~ complaint...neither against man nor against God...
She suffered silently + always alone,
and always a ~~determined~~ clinging to faith.

Yes, she maintained her faith,

even as she was a faithful daughter of her people.

She identified herself with the ^{Jewish} community and furthered its work

She marked the Sabbath and the holidays,

relishing especially those festival observances which united her family
She loved the land of Israel and labored to add to its strength.

also
Miriam was endowed with an exceedingly well-refined sense of beauty.

she was gladdened by it

~~xxx~~

she felt drawn to it

she surrounded herself with beautiful ^{things} ~~things~~ objects

furniture & china & figurines
Here was ^{another} reason why she loved her daughters so much

because they were all of them beautiful ^{so much} ~~beautiful~~ comely --

and she delighted to adorn them with beautiful things.

kind of herself

She too was fair to see, most pleasing to the eye, especially her countenance
her hair, her eyes, her ~~pleasant~~ ^{pleasing} balanced features.

she was aware of that, and took pride in it

stung beauty's
and was hurt by its evanescence.

I remember one most painful moment when Rhea helped her walk and ^{in the hospital} ~~passed~~ ^{about}

they ^{passed} ~~chanced to pass~~ a mirror and Miriam cried out:

"don't let me look in there...I don't want to see myself."
IT WAS THE ONLY TIME SHE RAISED HER VOICE

She did not want to see herself as she was then

because she knew that she would not see herself as she ~~once~~ was once

-- beautiful in countenance as she ^{even} ~~was~~ ^{remained} beautiful in deed.

4

The essence of her beauty was love

And the ultimate object of her love was her family
her husband, her daughters, ^{her brother} her grandchildren - all nine of them --
BARRY + Sue, + Steve + Art + Lisa + ~~DEBRA~~ JOSE + JUDY + Jon .
and Jessica - she loved them fiercely

she took pride in their attainments

she fought for their well-being, much like a lioness protecting ^{mother} her ^{son} ~~sons~~ ^{YOUNG}.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

True, she had difficulty in giving physical expression to that love

She ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ simply could not reach out and touch

and I suspect that she herself was ^{was} frustrated by this inhibition
~~NOR COULD SHE REALLY VERBALIZE HER LOVE --~~
~~And sometimes she chose criticism as a way of showing her caring.~~
~~I never heard her criticize anyone for whom she did not care.~~
^{FIND WORD IN PRAISE}

Maybe it was her Yankee breeding -- the New Englander's ^{traditional} reserve

^{although} I ^{suspect an inhibition} always thought that it was of a more ancient vintage

the 'keyn ayin horah' ^{kind} variety
^{simply} she did not want to give an evil eye

But let there be no doubt about it...she loved, with an abounding love.

Bob and Chuck and I felt that love ^{too}
although we joked at times that we ⁸ would never make it

after all we were only family members by marriage and not by blood ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
Still we felt her love and we reciprocated it with a full heart.

Who knows...maybe it ^{care} was a lesser ^{if} love...but only to a ~~xxxxxx~~ narrow degree.
^{ISN'T IT} ~~It is~~ always so? It must be so. ^{It} ~~That~~ is the law of life:

"All love begins and ends in motherhood.

~~All love begins and ends in motherhood.~~

It runs enough, but having run the circle...it (finally) rests at home. "

THAT WAS MIRIAM .

OF COURSE SIT

Miriam loved Jim most of all

she shared his life

she suffered his pain

she ^{rejoiced} ⁱⁿ his triumphs were her gladness

and when he died, though she lived on, her joy in life was gone.

Miriam

That was Miriam:

beautiful and caring, and splendidly courageous.

May the remembrance of her life and way guide our doing ^{always}

Surely, it ^{will} ~~enable~~ ^{move} ~~us~~ ^{THROUGH} to pass through the valley of the shadow of death,
to ~~turn from despair to hope~~ ^{from the task of REMOVAL} ^{from death to life reborn.}

This is the only manner in which we can do her honor

not by weeping

not by wailing

not by watering her grave without tears

only by living as she did and she desired

and by ~~looking at~~ turning to one another

and by loving those whom she loved in life

As for Miriam... may she be granted that sweet sleep which ^{eases + heals} ~~assuages~~

every kind of pain

EULOGY

IRVIN FANE



Delivered by
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
February 24, 1982

Congregation B'nai Jehudah
Kansas City, Missouri

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It is altogether fitting and proper that these words of final farewell be spoken in this place. For Irvin was deeply rooted in the life of this congregation. He was one of its builders and he served as its foremost leader. He attended this sanctuary with a measure of regularity -- Bernice at his side. Here he voiced his prayers. Here his children were confirmed. Here he watched them grow from infancy to manhood. And now we are assembled here, surrounding his bier, his last resting place, to speak a final parting in tears.

Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never ever do.

Oh, I suppose when it comes to the externals, material for words is not lacking, certainly not in Irvin's case: senior partner of one of this city's most prestigious law firms, a widely-recognized authority on public utilities, a Curator of the University of Missouri, a civic leader of note ...chairman of the Board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the titular head of Reform Judaism in North America. All of these accomplishments, and more, are well known and forever recorded. Comet like, he flashed across the horizon of our communal lives, his brightness for all to see.

But the inner man is more difficult to encapsulate in language. I speak now of the quality of his life, of the essence of his being -- his hopes, his fears, his passions, his dreams -- these cannot readily be captured by mere words. They were too great, too grand for that!

Thus, for instance, it is not enough to say that he was a senior partner of his law firm. He was the soul of that firm, his essence defined its being. Nor is it enough to say that he was the leader of Reform Judaism in this land. His spirit permeated our religious community and invested it with true meaning.

This much can be said with a surety: Irvin had a rare gift for leadership. Almost from the very beginnings of his adult life, so it seems, people turned to him for guidance. President of his fraternity. President of his Law School class. President of the Temple. President of the University Curators and on and on. Wherever he functioned people sought him out; wherever he moved they turned to him for direction. Invariably, they chose him to play the first violin -- and never the second fiddle.

There was nothing bombastic about the exercise of his leadership. He never raved or ranted or indulged in histrionics. He spoke softly, and people listened. He walked quietly, and everyone followed. I can see Irv now, as I speak of him, at a Union Convention, gavel in hand, the seething masses before him, shouting, challenging, demanding to be heard. One quiet word from Irv and the billows subsided. A reasoned sentence from his lips and calm judgment prevailed. It was a quietness within him, an inner certainty, his radiant serenity which compelled respect.

Irv saw the educative process as a primary responsibility of leadership. A leader must be a teacher -- he taught by example. In his firm, he sought out especially the younger lawyers. He listened to them. He was patient with them. He helped them in every possible way. When he was president of the Board of Curators, the students were the focus of his concerns. Even though at the time when he served there was a pervasive rejection of authority, the students responded to him with universal admiration.

Lastly, but not in the least, Irvin won the respect of others because he respected them and they knew it. He never belittled anyone. He always strove to understand the view of others, even when these views radically diverged from his own most deeply felt convictions.

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Thus Irv wrote -- you heard his beautiful words but a moment ago, so sensitively selected and read by Rabbi Zedek -- "The concept of God's oneness is devoid of meaning when any of us degrades another. It retains meaning only when we follow the Biblical rule: love thy neighbor as thyself."

Respect for others, a regard for the integrity of their views no matter how divergent. This was the quintessential component of Irvin Fane's leadership qualities.

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He was a noble parent, a worthy father. No gift of life was sweeter to him than his children. They were his pride, his most precious possession. Oh, how he rejoiced in their joy, how he gloried in the splendor of their attainments.

He loved them not only well, but with wisdom also. He did not dominate them. He did not hold them with possessiveness. He did not fetter them with his love. On the contrary, he encouraged, insisted, gave them the freedom and the means to live their own lives in their own way.

And he loved those whom they loved, their wives whom he regarded as his daughters, and their children, his grandchildren, the jewels of his crown.

And he loved Bernice, the companion of his life and soul these many years. Irvin and Bernice, they were truly inseparable. Theirs is a love story which spanned 51 years. Together they walked the way of life, in perfect union and devotion to each other, drinking from one cup of life, when it ran bitter, when it ran sweet, hallowing all things with true companionship and love.

It is a love which was returned in full measure by his wife, his children, his friends. They respected him. They cared for him -- and he knew it. No remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever. Their love for him, demonstrated over and over again in life, was the noblest tribute that Irvin could possibly desire.

And now he is no more.

And because he was what he was and is no more we weep; weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay; weep because truly a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives and our lives are the darker because of it.

And yet not all is gone, is it?

Memory and love are here to offer healing balm. They enable us to bridge that fearsome chasm which separates the living from the dead.

The words which Irvin Fane spoke, the beauty which he fashioned, the love he gave in life, all these will warm and guide us always. These precious endowments were never bound to his bodily frame, to the cells of his brain, or to the fibers of his all too great heart. They came from a spirit within him and beyond him. And this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

Thus is the truth of the liturgical passage established.

נשמתו של אירבין פאנע

His soul is bound up with the bond of lasting life.

It is with a heavy heart that we assemble here this day to speak our final words of farewell to Bella Michel who has been taken from us. Great is our grief. Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul. For a chord is loosen...the silver chain is broken...tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort. We cannot find them, except perhaps in the knowledge that we share a destiny common to every man. We are all of us travellers along the same road which leads to the same end. Scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave. We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil and in the end everything we are and want to be vanishes into nothingness.

It is the suddenness of Bella's death which stunned us so. This was no soft sunset ...no gentle falling of an autumn leaf. A chilling, violent gust tore her from the tree. And the abruptness of it all staggers us and leaves us bereft.

And yet there is a measure of comfort even in this, for she was at the fullness of her strength to the very last day...this is what she surely wanted. She would have resented and been deeply pained by the waning strength and the increasing dependence which a lingering illness brings.

Her name was Bella, Bella Michel. I confess the name sounds strange to my ear. I knew her as Oma. This is what her grandchildren called her, and their friends, even as did I. It was a way of expressing a relatedness which went beyond the ordinary, which touched not just the eye but also the heart. Still, her parents called her Bella, and she was aptly named for she was beautiful. I will always remember her as such. It is not so much that her features were well balanced, though they were, or that they were of the most classical contours. There was a serenity within her, a refinement, a radiance which illumined her being with beauty.

She was a determined woman, strong of will, unyielding in her tenacity. There was no bending her once she had set her mind on a course. She was always in charge. It was she who clothed and fed her children even while they were interned in war-time France. It was she who found their way to freedom and safety. It was she who remained the calm balancing center of her family even in her latter years. Oma was fiercely independent. She always wanted to do by herself. Why go to a restaurant when you could cook. Why buy a garment when you can sew. Why take a cab when you have feet with which to walk. No one could ever really give her anything. She much preferred to give herself.

Perhaps it was this quality of independence and strength of will which made her admire the Israelis so much. She saw those self-same qualities in them. She appreciated their stubbornness, their unyielding determination to survive. She regularly read the Jerusalem Post. She avidly seized on every morsel of news from the Middle East. She was as familiar with the hills and valleys of Judea as she was with the streets of New York. There was never any doubt in Oma's mind that Israel will prevail. She was an optimist at heart...and in everything. She looked up, not down, forward not back, out not in, and she always lent a hand.

She lent a hand, she helped, because she cared. People sense this, and that is why they responded to her, why even strangers adopted her as their own. When her grandchildren brought their friends to her house, they called her Oma too. Oma didn't mean "grandmother" to them. It meant relative. It meant friend. As a matter of fact, they didn't even sense an age-differential regarding her, rather as their contemporary -- probably because she approached them as her equal. She was open-minded...as Sarah wrote in a loving essay prepared for one of her classes: "Oma is willing to hear anything, see anything and possibly even try anything, for she has a constant wish, to learn to teach, to share. Oma can relate to all, and can accept most anything." Oma had an open mind. And she had an open heart.

Of course the greatest measure of Oma's care was extended to those who stood closest to her. Her daughters..Eve and Ruth, and those they loved...and their children, her grandchildren, Daniel and David and Sarah - and Eric and Paul. Oh how she loved them, how she gloried in the splendor of their achievements.. They were her most precious possessions, the very jewel of her crown.

It is a love which was returned in full measure. Everyone loved her and she knew it. No remorse of unrequited love need fill them now or ever.

But now, Oma is no more and because she was what she was and is no more we weep, weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay. Weep because a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives and our lives are the darker because of it.

And yet not all is gone, is it. Love is stronger than death. Loving memory has the power to bridge that terrible chasm which separates the living from the dead. The words which Bella Michel spoke, the beauty that she fashioned, the love she gave in life, these will warm and sustain us always. These precious endowments were never chained to her physical being, to the cells of her brain or the fibers of her all too great heart. They came from a spirit within her and beyond her. And this spirit lives on for ever lasting blessing.

It is this spirit and the knowledge of its everlasting nature which moves us to turn from the silence of the grave to the task of life for this above all is what Oma would have us do could lips now silent speak. She would bid us to embrace life...to hold fast to those worths which it offers and to bestow a double measure of love on those who remain and whom she loved.

Only in this manner will we render her a lasting tribute in memory. We will not honor her by weeping. We will not honor her by wailing. We do not honor her by watering her grave with our tears. We honor her best when we live as she desired, when we cherish causes she embraced, when we love the living whom she loved in life.

As for Oma...Bella...we bid her farewell. May she find peace beneath the sheltering wings of God's presence for ever and Aye.

Sunday, May 2, 1982
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Eulogy for Bella Michel

Eulogy

Bella
Michel

Joe Weiner. 1st pt.
Ruth Schwartz 74

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to speak our final words of farewell to Bella Michel
who has been taken from us

Great is our grief.

Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul.

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by relentless death.

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THE VERY JEWEL OF HER CROWN

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And yet not all is gone, is it?

Memory and love are here to offer healing balm. They enable us to bridge that fearsome chasm which separates the living from the dead.

The words which Irvin Fane spoke, the beauty which he fashioned, the love he gave in life, all these will warm and guide us always. These precious endowments were never bound to his bodily frame, to the cells of his brain, or to the fibers of his all too great heart. They came from a spirit within him and beyond him. And this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

Thus is the truth of the liturgical passage established.

נשמת צורח בלבוש החיים

His soul is bound up with the bond of lasting life.

Yechiel Kadishai
16 Ben Zion St #10
Tel Aviv

Hassiah Milo
do

HAZKARAH - MOSHE DAYAN

BY

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

November 17, 1981

לשׁוֹן יְהוּדִי

"The chain has been severed...it is riven!"

These words -- spoken by Rabbi Judah when he was told of the death of Antoninus -- reverberate within us now as we prepare to speak still another tribute in memory to Moshe Dayan. A cord is loosed! The silver chain is broken! Tender ties of love and friendship have been torn asunder by relentless death!

Moshe Dayan was a rare and precious human being. He ranked among this generation's foremost leaders. Though never elected to highest office, he left an imprint on his nation larger than that of most of her Prime Ministers. Because he was there, Israelis everywhere felt more secure; even when they rejected him politically, they nonetheless looked to him to legitimize courses of action and to step forward in a time of crisis. Because he was there, men and women of good will in many places retained the faith that the impossible might yet be that the dream of Arab-Israeli coexistence is not a vain illusion.

Dayan's death, then, leaves us all bereft. It diminishes our strength. Truly a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives, and our lives are the darker because of it!

The words of a "summing-up" which this occasion demands do not come easy. They never do. But especially is this so in this instance, because Dayan was not a simple man. He was bewilderingly complex. His qualities were many-faceted, disparate, oftentimes paradoxical. He was the hardened soldier with a poet's sensitive soul. He was the loner who was able to evoke the devotion

of thousands. He was the commander who held death in combat not as the end of life, but rather as its "fullest, most powerful expression;" yet it was this very commander who invariably acted as a restraining force in combat, holding the advance to cautiously drawn lines in order to limit casualties. Aye, men come to life in their paradoxes, do they not!

Still, how can one deal with so complex a personality, how to encapsulate his life in a few brief paragraphs? There are some aspects of his being which emerged as dominant and which can help us understand just how Dayan was able to capture and enrapture people.

The first of these essential qualities assuredly was his bravery. He was daring. He had guts. Fearless in battle, he never asked his men to go where he himself was not prepared to lead, and this courage was infectious. He suffered set-back without losing heart; he never permitted defeat to deter him.

I know that there were reports in the Israeli press that Dayan died "a lonely, bitter, depressed man." What nonsense this! Surely he felt frustrated, foiled. But bitter? Never! When he met defeat, he did not brood. He merely withdrew within himself to take stock, to seek alternate avenues, to find another, better way to fight.

Witness the equanimity with which he faced his more personal tragedies. He was constantly beset by ailments. He admitted to being hard of hearing. Old wounds caused him constant pain. But there was never a complaint - neither against fate nor against man - and the work went on. He said of his condition recently:

"I've lost one eye, had a finger clipped, busted my back, paralyzed a vocal cord, and had cancer of the colon. So I'm no Olympic athlete, so what! I hope you believe me. I find it very hard to convince other people. I don't mind dying. I never have -- I just don't give a damn."

There were many other things, lesser things, he really didn't give a damn about: conventions in dress and manner, diplomatic niceties, parties and small talk and jokes and toadies to flatter the ego. People, generally, bored him, especially party politicians.

But there were some things Dayan cared about deeply and foremost among them was the truth as he perceived it. He followed that inner star relentlessly, risking everything in its pursuit. He said what he had to say, no matter how painfully it clashed with conventional wisdom. He did what had to be done, regardless of party or personal motivations.

I know of few foreign ministers who relinquished -- as did he -- their high place voluntarily, on a matter of principle. I know of only one, in fact. It is Cy Vance who graced this podium tonight. How appropriate then that he should speak and be with us. Dayan regarded Secretary of State Vance above all other representatives of this great nation. He respected his integrity, his essential humanness -- and so do we all.

Be that as it may, Dayan found his Jordan and crossed it and never looked back. This phrase is from a poem of his own, dedicated to his children, in which he bad them each to take up his own stick and shoulder his pack and find his very own Jordan to cross. Dayan found his own Jordan and crossed it, and when he did the man who did not excel as a politician became the far-seeing statesman. For it is only the statesman and never the politician who is willing to suffer political defeat in the pursuit of goals which cannot be reached in his own life-time.

In the conceptualization of these goals, Dayan was daring and ingenious. Here, too, he broke all patterns -- thinking the unthinkable, dreaming the impossible dream. He always ran ahead, where there were no trodden paths.

At the core of it all was his conviction that the Arab-Israeli conflict is capable of a resolution and that the key to that solution is co-existence:

Arab and Jew, living together, in dignity and in peace. Whatever advances that goal he favored, whatever impeded it he denounced.

Some of his ideas doubtlessly were flawed. Others were brilliantly conceived, and he effected them whenever it was possible for him to do so, oftentimes unilaterally and without reference to constituted authority: open bridges...a liberal occupation policy...his readiness to return the Sinai for normalization, and the like. Let there be no doubt about it: the peace such as it is would not have been except for Dayan.

Dayan knew, of course, that the present peace is but tenuous and fragile. He also knew that the co-existence for which he yearned and toiled is but a distant, almost unattainable goal. He was, after all, a realist, a thoroughly practical man. Still, the dream continued to fascinate him and he continued to believe in it.

Perhaps the poet within him saw what others could not see: that the beginning point for a better world is the belief that it is possible, that the wistful dream is the necessary first step of its unfoldment.

Not just the poet but the Jew within him saw all this. And he was that: a caring, believing Jew. He loved his people and especially their land with an abounding love; his poetry and prose on the subject have a lyrical, almost mystical quality. He also shared the historic faith of Jews -- not their religious faith so much, but rather that faith which is the inverse of despair which was infused into the very fiber of our being, "mixed with blood" from the very beginning; the faith in our direction, our justice, our future. The faith in the ability of the Jew to endure the struggle and to prevail.

I draw Dayan almost larger than life, omitting those failures and weakness to which all humankind is prone. Our tradition encourages us to do so, on an occasion such as this. Still, it would be a distortion of the man and a violation of his devil-may-care nature, were I to portray him as a ^{~ 11/17} or even ^{~ 12/3}. He was no angel, no saint -- just a man, But what a

man! He lived the kind of life many of us only dream to live. A life large and generous, bold and adventurous, a life great in the scope of its desire, magnanimous in forgiveness, courageous as an act of faith, smiling triumphant even over set-back and disaster.

In the Talmud we are taught that when we recall the thoughts and words spoken by the departed *וְנִפְלְגָה אֶלְנָם/3 מִתְחַלְלֵה* then "lips silenced by death quiver anew with life." Our final words then will be Dayan's. They are taken from his latest book, Breakthrough, and speak of a recurring dream, one that he had also during the night before he went into the hospital for cancer surgery:

"In this dream," he writes, "I am climbing a hillside just north of my childhood village of Nahalal, between Haifa and Nazareth. The peak is covered with rich foliage, terebinth and oak and cyclamen...sprouting between the rocks in winter. At the top is a cave, with just enough space for me to lie down comfortably on a mattress of dust from peeling walls and roof, and earth and leaves swept by in wind and rain. I have climbed the hill to get to this hideaway, not out of fear, not because I am being pursued by someone who means me harm. My feeling of peacefulness is prompted not from the safety of my refuge, but from the achievement of my aim -- to lie on a blanket of soft earth and rotting leaves, in a cave hidden among bushes somewhere on a hill that looks out over the valley of Jezreel, to lie quietly, to rest, to forget all, to think of nothing..."

וְנִפְלְגָה אֶלְנָם/3 מִתְחַלְלֵה

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"I've lost one eye, had a finger clipped, busted my back, paralyzed a vocal cord, and had cancer of the colon. So I'm no olympic athlete, so what! I hope you'll believe me. I find it very hard to convince other people. I don't mind dying, I never have -- I just don't give a damn."

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Eulogy for Judith Ruth Shapiro

It is with a heavy heart that we meet here this day. We have shared sorrow before as a family, but this moment is unlike any other. Judy's death came before her time and willfully.

And so the regret and guilt which normally come with death of someone we love is magnified, intensified. Guilt and sorrow intermingle within us. One looms almost as large as the other. The sense of regret almost overpowers our great sense of loss.

And yet this should not be so! There is nothing which any of us did which brought this to be. There is nothing which any of us failed to do which could have stayed her hand.

Mother, you gave her life and love -- all her life; Debby, you opened your home to her as long as you could without destroying yourself; Rhea, you literally tried to force your will to live into her being; Shari, Susie, you did as much as your mother would accept from you, she could accept no more from her children; Chuck, you were generous, loving, patient, noble in your virtues; we are all of us indebted to you, all admiring of you.

Others stood at a greater distance -- Bobby, Bruce, Marge, Cynthia -- and yet we too were supportive.

And so there is no need for guilt!

Of course, we said things we shouldn't have and failed to say what we should -- all of us did at times. But so did Judy herself, did she not? It is the way of life, and we must accept it as its inevitable part.

Look at our tragedy in such a way: Judy suffered an incurable disease, as incurable as cancer, or ask the stroke which felled father. All of the doctors to which she went could bring her no healing. The medicines they prescribed were of no avail. She lived in a tunnel, as it were, beneath the sea. Our voices came only from afar. She could scarcely hear them. She could not respond to them. And the sea pounded relentlessly and gave her no rest. Until she could bear it no longer.

There is no need for guilt then. But there is a need for sorrow. Our sense of loss is fully justified -- the loss of what might yet have been, the loss of what assuredly was.

Judy, at her best was really something. She was beautiful, was she not, and she loved beautiful things. Her taste was well refined; she could tell the metal from the dross. Can any of us, will any of us ever forget the beauty of her home, the loveliness of her garden, and her well-spread, comely table when she played host to us.

She was intelligent and used her mind well. She read voluminously and with good judgement.

Judy had high standards. -- and this may have been her undoing. She imposed these standards on others. But she was equally exacting with herself.

She was gifted with humor. She could laugh, when she was well, and make others laugh.

She cared, yes, she did. She had a passion for life and for people. When someone was in need, she was at his side. And she was a fighter for the right. When she saw a wrong, she had to correct it. When she saw someone wronged, she rose in defense.

*What was that motto she chose for herself when she campaigned for office?
More Punch with Judy! That was Judy, at her best.*

*And that is how we should remember her. Not by weeping. Not by wailing. Not
by watering her grave with our tears. But by emulating her at her best:
fighting for the right, fashioning things of beauty, loving the living whom
she loved in life.*

*And so let us turn toward one another in love. This is a time not for
recrimination but for reconcilliation. When the circle of family and friends
grows smaller, we must resolve to make it stronger by reinforcing its links
with an even greater love.*

*As for Judy, may she find that surcease which life denied her. May she rest
beneath God's wings and find that peace she sought ...*

*She has out-soared the shadow of our night;
envy and calumny and hate and pain
and that unrest which men miscall delight
can touch her not and torture not again.*

A MEMORIAL PRAYER

by

RABBI ALEXANDER M. SCHINDLER

Out of the depths we cry unto Thee O Lord our Heavenly Father,
Great is our grief,
bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul.
Holy halls which usually re-echo to festive songs of praise,
today are filled with the plaintive strains of sorrow,
for this synagogue's servant is gone out of sight.
His beautiful voice has been silenced.
Those soaring wings of song which carried our prayers to the
throne of God are withered.

The pain is more grievous still, because it comes closer to the heart.
Friends miss their friend.
A wife stands bereft of her husband - the companion of her life
these many years.
Children are denied the nearness of an exceptionally caring father.
Nispordah Hachavila!
A cord is loosed...the silver chain is broken...
Tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by
relentless death.

Why? Why did it have to happen?
Oh, in the end, I suppose death came as a sort of release.
But why the sickness at all, this dread disease which makes waste
a man?
Why, Oh God, art Thou so far from help at the voice of our
supplication?

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort.
We cannot find them,
Except perhaps in the knowledge that we are all Acheem L'Tzurah,
brothers in agony, brothers in pain.
We are all sojourners along the same road which leads to the
same end.
We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of
ceaseless toil.
And in the end everything we have and everything we are vanishes
in death.

Our faith enjoins us to acknowledge Thee as the Author of
Darkness and not just Light,
To realize that good and evil both come from Thy hand.
In this moment of our sorrow too we are to thank Thee.
We thank Thee then for the life that was,
for the precious gift which was ours in the being of Paul Kwartin.

We thank Thee for the brightness of his mind,
for his incisiveness of thought,
which made him an eager student and an able teacher alike.

We thank Thee for the intensity of his devotion to our people,
which led him to dedicate his life to the synagogue and the
task of its upbuilding.

We thank Thee for his well-refined sense of taste,
his superb standard of excellence,
which enabled him to make of this synagogue a shrine for
lovers of liturgical song.

We thank Thee for his greatest talent,
his magnificent voice,
which resonated through these halls, throughout this land and world,
a voice which was altogether beautiful to hear,
and which gave most meaningful expression to the unspoken
yearnings of our soul.

We thank Thee for his great love
with which he surrounded those who stood far and those who stood near
and which gave true meaning to the words:
Husband, father, friend.

And now he is no more.
And because he was what he was and is no more we weep,
weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay,
weep because a most beautiful song of our lives has been stilled,
and our life is more muted, less melodious because of it.

And yet all is not gone.
Love is stronger than death.
It can bridge the fearsome chasm which separates the living
from the dead.
The words which Paul spoke,
the beauty which we created with his song,
the love he gave in life,
will warm and sustain us always.
Those precious endowments were never bound to his physical frame,
to the cells of his brain,
or to the fibres of his great heart.
They came from a spirit within him and beyond him,
and this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

As for Paul,
may he find his rest beneath the sheltering wings of Thy presence.
Grant us comfort, and grant him peace.

Amen

A. MEMORIAL PRAYER
by Ral

OUT OF THE DEPTHS WE CRY UNTO THEE O LORD OUR HEAVENLY FATHER,
GREAT IS OUR GRIEF,
BITTER THE ANGUISH WHICH AFFLICTS OUR SOUL.
HOLY HALLS WHICH USUALLY RE-ECHO TO FESTIVE SONGS OF PRAISE,
TODAY ARE FILLED WITH THE PLAINTIVE STRAINS OF SORROW,
FOR THIS SYNAGOGUES SERVANT IS GONE OUT OF SIGHT,
HIS BEAUTIFUL VOICE HAS BEEN SILENCED.
THOSE SOARING WINGS OF SONG WHICH CARRIED OUR PRAYERS TO THE THRONE OF GOD
ARE WITHERED.

THE PAIN IS MORE GRIEVOUS STILL BECAUSE IT COMES CLOSER TO THE HEART,
FRIENDS MISS THEIR FRIEND.
A WIFE STANDS BEREFT OF HER HUSBAND - THE COMPANION OF HER LIFE
THESE MANY YEARS.
CHILDREN ARE DENIED THE NEARNESS OF AN EXCEPTIONALLY CARING FATHER,
NISPORDAH HACHAVILA!
A CORD IS LOOSED...THE SILVER CHAIN IS BROKEN...
TENDER TIES OF FRIENDSHIP AND OF LOVE HAVE BEEN TORN ASUNDER BY RELENTLESS
DEATH.

WHY? WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN?

OH, IN THE END, I SUPPOSE, DEATH CAME AS A SORT OF RELEASE.

BUT WHY THE SICKNESS AT ALL,

THIS DREAD DISEASE WHICH WASTES A MAN?

WHY, O GOD, ART THOU SO FAR FROM ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ HELP AT THE VOICE OF OUR
SUPPLICATION?

- VAINLY DO WE LOOK FOR WORDS OR THOUGHTS OF COMFORT,

WE CANNOT FIND THEM,

EXCEPT PERHAPS IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WE ARE ALL

ACHEEM L'TZURAH, ^{lee} BROTHERS IN AGONY, BROTHERS IN PAIN.

WE ARE ALL SOJOURNERS ALONG THE SAME ROAD WHICH LEADS TO THE SAME END.

WE MOISTEN OUR ^{Moisten} BREAD WITH ^{tears + with} THE SWEAT OF CEASELESS TOIL,

AND IN THE END EVERYTHING WE HAVE AND EVERYTHING WE ARE ^{ALL POSSESSIONS} ~~OUT OF OUR HANDS~~

~~IT~~ VANISHES IN DEATH

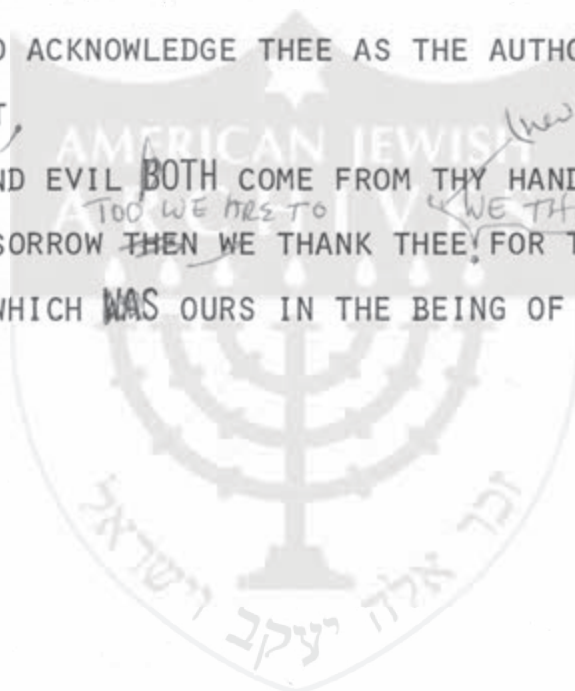
OUR FAITH ENJOINS US TO ACKNOWLEDGE THEE AS THE AUTHOR OF DARKNESS

AND NOT JUST LIGHT,

TO REALIZE THAT GOOD AND EVIL ^(new line) BOTH COME FROM THY HAND.

IN THIS MOMENT OF OUR SORROW ^{TOO WE ARE TO} ~~THEN~~ WE THANK THEE ^(WE THANK THEE THEN) FOR THE LIFE THAT WAS,

FOR THE PRECIOUS GIFT WHICH ~~WAS~~ OURS IN THE BEING OF PAUL KWARTIN.



WE THANK THEE FOR THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS MIND,
FOR HIS INCISIVENESS OF THOUGHT,
WHICH MADE HIM AN EAGER STUDENT AND AN ABLE TEACHER ALIKE,

WE THANK THEE FOR THE INTENSITY OF HIS DEVOTION TO OUR PEOPLE AND OUR FAITH
WHICH LED HIM TO DEDICATE HIS LIFE TO THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE TASK
OF ITS UPBUILDING.

WE THANK THEE FOR HIS WELL-REFINED SENSE OF TASTE,
HIS SUPERB STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE,
WHICH ENABLED HIM TO MAKE OF THIS SYNAGOGUE A SHRINE FOR LOVERS OF LITURGICAL
SONG

WE THANK THEE FOR HIS GREATEST TALENT,
HIS MAGNIFICENT VOICE,
WHICH RESONATED THROUGH THESE HALLS,
THROUGHOUT THIS LAND AND WORLD,
~~XXXXXXXX~~ A VOICE WHICH WAS ALTOGETHER BEAUTIFUL TO HEAR,
AND WHICH GAVE MOST MEANINGFUL EXPRESSION TO THE INNERMOST
UNSPOKEN YEARNINGS OF OUR SOUL

WE THANK THEE FOR HIS GREAT LOVE
WITH WHICH HE SURROUNDED THOSE WHO STOOD FAR
AND ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO STOOD NEAR
AND WHICH GAVE TRUE MEANING TO THE WORDS:
HUSBAND, FATHER FRIEND,

AND NOW HE IS NO MORE.

AND BECAUSE HE WAS WHAT HE WAS AND IS NO MORE WE WEEP,

WEEP OVER MOTIONLESS FORM AND UNRESPONSIVE CLAY,

WEEP BECAUSE ^{A MOST} ~~AN~~ ALTOGETHER BEAUTIFUL SONG OF OUR LIVES HAS BEEN STILLED,

AND OUR LIFE IS MORE MUTED, LESS MELODIOUS BECAUSE OF IT.

AND YET NOT ALL IS GONE.

LOVE IS STRONGER THAN DEATH.

IT CAN BRIDGE THE FEARSOME CHASM WHICH SEPARATES THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD.

THE WORDS WHICH PAUL SPOKE,

THE BEAUTY WHICH HE CREATED WITH HIS ^{SONG} ~~VOICE AND HEART~~

THE LOVE HE GAVE IN LIFE, AMERICAN JEWISH

WILL WARM AND SUSTAIN US ALWAYS. ARCHIVES

THESE PRECIOUS ENDOWMENTS WERE NEVER BOUND TO HIS PHYSICAL FRAME,

— TO THE CELLS OF HIS BRAIN,

— OR TO THE FIBRES OF HIS GREAT HEART.

THEY CAME FROM A SPIRIT WITHIN HIM AND BEYOND HIM,

AND THIS SPIRIT LIVES ON FOR EVERLASTING BLESSING.

AS FOR PAUL,

MAY HE FIND HIS REST BENEATH THE SHELTERING WINGS OF THY PRESENCE.

GRANT US COMFORT, AND GRANT HIM PEACE.

AMEN . . .

Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE UNION OF AMERICAN HEBREW CONGREGATIONS

SCHOOL OF SACRED MUSIC
CANTORIAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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CANTOR ROY GARBER ('59)

CANTOR HOWARD STAHL ('72)

CANTOR NORMAN SUMMERS ('57)

SECRETARY:

CANTOR FRED HERMAN ('72)

TREASURER:

CANTOR SCOTT COLBERT ('73)

October 31, 1978

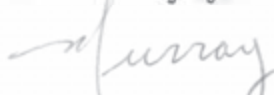
Rabbi Alexander Schindler
Union of American Hebrew Congregations
838 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10021

Dear Rabbi Schindler:

I speak for the alumni of the School of Sacred Music who mourn the passing of our colleague, Paul Kwartin. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend the funeral services for Paul, which I understand were most beautiful. I also know that you participated in the service and would very much appreciate receiving from you a copy of your remarks which we would like to include in the next edition of the Cantorial Alumni Association publication, Shalsholet.

With best wishes to you and yours for a New Year of fulfillment and blessing, I am

Faithfully yours,



Cantor Murray E. Simon

/d



ELIZABETH REESE

26 October 1978

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
UNION OF AMERICAN HEBREW CONGREGATIONS
838 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10021

Dear Rabbi Schindler:

I am the woman whose name you did not learn.

Thank you for sending the prayer you composed for Paul Kwartin. Mag was surprised and pleased to have your words. I intend to get all three eulogies to have them type set and dignified graphically for all the children.

Sincerely,



Elizabeth Reese
Consultant, Public Relations

230 East 73rd Street #4G
New York, N.Y. 10021

70 → Eric Kuller

EULOGY

KIVIE KAPLAN



Delivered by

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Temple Israel
Boston, Massachusetts

May 7, 1975

We are gathered in this sanctuary as Acheem Letzuro, as brothers in pain.

We are moved by a common sorrow.

We are summoned by the duty to speak a final farewell to Kivie Kaplan who has been taken from us.

And thus it is that this holy hall

which usually reverberates with the sound of festive song

today re-echoes but the plaintive strains of sorrow

for a chord is loosed...the silver chain is broken...

tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

We all of us have lost a friend.

Let this be the first word of comfort which we speak

...to Emily...to Sylvia and Jean and Eddie, to all who were near and dear to Kivie...

when all is said and done, it is the only comfort we can offer.

Though your loss is the most grievous, you do not suffer it alone...

We too are bereft,

all of us who are assembled here today

and the many who are not and of whom this mighty throng is but a symbol,

men of every color and every creed, of all degrees of wealth and education in the sight of God and in the sight of men

we all of us have lost our leader and our friend.

Words do not come easy at a time like this, they never do.

Oh, I suppose when it comes to the externals, material for words is certainly not lacking: what Kivie said and what he did and how he did it

a treasure trove of beautiful memories on which we all can draw.

But we think now rather of the inner man and our response to him.

These feelings can never be measured by mere words, they were too grand for that.

Kivie walked, a giant among us...a giant of the spirit...a prince among men.

What did Kivie mean to me.

What did he mean to that family of congregations in whose behalf I speak...

First and foremost, Kivie was our conscience.

Nothing morally shabby escaped his watchful concern.

And when he saw a wrong he spoke his piece for justice fearlessly, yet softly, never in self-righteous anger, always insistent on those values which the world makes us forget.

His moral antennae were especially sensitive to power...

He disdained its pomp and would not brook its abuse.

He saw power a trust, springing from the governed and existing for them

And he held men of power accountable for its exercise

No one was exempted from this accounting

...neither the head of an institution, nor the ruler of men, nor even a tyrannical majority

the greater the power, the greater the abuse

Kivie always stood with the Psalmist:

absolute power belongs only to God.

Kivie's moral perceptions were rooted in the Jewish tradition.

Certainly he did whatever he did out of an awareness of his Jewishness.

Yet his care always extended beyond his own people to embrace the world.

This is the second area in which he made his impact on our Union of congregations in that he embodied the essential unity of the universal and the particular.

His life gave lie to the notion that the two are somehow incongruous, that the service to the one precludes a devotion to the other.

Jewishness mandates a concern for humankind -- so taught Kivie by example --

nor can humankind be served by a Jew without a prior coming-to-terms with his Jewishness without a continuing replenishing of that matrix, that enveloping element, in which the Jew takes life and form.

And so Kivie went about his way supporting just causes whatever their label. When working for and among Blacks he did not hide his Jewishness; he wore it as a plume. Sometimes I think he took no offense but pride when scurrilous articles and letters referred to him as a "nigger loving Jew" And when narrow minded Jews chided him to "worry about the Jews and not the Chicanos" he delighted to have me tell them just how much he had done for his people here and in Israel and all over the world. The door of Kivie's being was open to the world And the post of that door was proudly adorned with a mezzuzah.

Lastly, and not in the least, we valued Kivie because the individual was at the end of his universe.

He cared about man and not just about men

Nothing was good to him which ignored the individual

He did not let anyone be sacrificed for anything at all,

not even for some presumed greater good, which would come at some future time, to generations yet unborn.

No predatory collectivism for him...only and always the individual man, not men.

Rare was that call or letter from Kivie which did not ask my help for someone ...a staff member, a colleague, a friend, a chance acquaintance, a total stranger, it did not matter -- Kivie pleaded his cause.

Our last conversation was precisely on such a subject.

Kivie himself was always ready to help

giving not just of his substance but himself,

his time, his energy, his consolation, his heart.

When you saw Kivie with someone who was troubled you saw Kivie at his finest.

He gave the large gift, publicly, and properly, so acclaimed.

But he also gave much more: the hidden gift,

deeds of humankindness known only to giver and receiver and all the more precious for their tender privacy.

That was Kivie but that was not the whole of him.

There were other elements which went into his making and defined his essence...

his children for whom he cared and in whose accomplishments he took so much pride

his grandchildren and his great grandchild, those jewels of his crown

and above all there was Emily

of all earthly good his most precious

standing by his side

giving quiet assent to everything he did

bringing him grief only when she was not well or near

Emily, Kivie's wife: his love, his thought, his joy.

And now he is no more,

and because he was what he was and is no more we weep

Alas for those who are gone and whose like will not soon appear again

And yet our faith enjoins us not to mourn overly long, nor to live cloistered
behind the walls of an ill controlled grief

Never to tarry in the valley of weeping but to turn it rather into a place of
many springs.

In the midst of life's losses we are to think of life's gifts

in the midst of life's sorrows we should remember life's joys

in the midst of life's depair we must cling to life's undying hope.

Nor are these losses apart from these gifts.

These joys from these sorrows, these griefs from these hopes.

Our losses grow from our gifts -- whatever is given is taken.

Again, our hopes grow out of our very losses - whatever is taken, is in some
form given back again...

Our sorrows are but joys softened into the tenderness of aching recollection
and our tears, our tears are naught else than our remembered smiles.

But if our tears are naught more than our remembered smiles
let the soft remembrance of the smiles of our better days
glisten even through our tears
let our darkness never be so dark but that there shine through it the light of hope.
And let this hope not be the last refuge of the disconsolate
but rather a strong life-giving force bent upon enhancing human existence in all
of its manifestation.

Is not this what Kivie would have us do could lips now silent speak
to turn from death to life
to futher causes he advances
to love the living whom he loved in life...
to smile, aye to "keep smiling" even through our tears.

Let us resolve to do so
then will we give substance to the promise inherent in our words
that the memory of the righteous is indeed for blessing.

Amen.

EULOGY

LOUIS BROIDO



Delivered By
Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
Congregation Emanu-El of the
City of New York
April 7, 1975

We are assembled here

the representatives of a large community of Jews and American citizens

linked together into one family by a great common sorrow

and by our duty to pay a final tribute of respect and love to Lou Broido.

Deep is our grief. . . bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul.....

for a cord is loosed . . . the silver chain is broken.....

tender ties of love and of friendship have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Why? Why did it have to happen?

Why art Thou so far from our help at the voice of our supplication?

Here is a "why" for which there is no answer.

No man who lived or lives can give an answer to the agonizing why of suffering.

We stand before life's overpowering mystery

and we must see death and tragedy as life's inevitable part.

There is no life without its cruel contrasts:

a human being, whole and hearty today, disfigured by disease tomorrow.....

a man strong and powerful one day,
then crumbling like a castle of sand built by children 'long the shore,
when the tides of destiny roll in

plenty and poverty...righteousness and rottenness...beauty with its sting of evanescence...

the laughter of children, and then, too soon, the silence of the grave.

No, there is no life without such cruel contrasts,

life simply cannot be had on any other terms.

Perhaps there is a consolation here which we can offer,

to Dorothy, to Ted and Joe, to Henry, to all who are bereaved

this knowledge that they but share a destiny which is common to every man.

We are all of us strangers before God, sojourners as were our fathers.

Our days on earth vanish like a shadow

scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave

We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil

and in the end our hopes, our yearnings, our fondest dreams,

they vanish in death.

Our sorrow is great, because our gift was so very great

Lou Broido was a most precious possession

not only to those who stood near, but also to those who stood at a far greater distance.

He rightly claims a prominent place among the leading Jews of our generation.

Lou was that, in the first instance, a Jew who valued his Jewishness greatly.

He knew the meaning of Torah

He had a respect for intellect and learning and was a most knowledgeable Jew himself.

He read, and he thought and he taught -

- and he also DID !!

Lou understood well that Torah means something more than knowledge

that it involves also a quickening of thought into deed,

a spanning of that distance which separates midrash and maaseh, the mind and the hand

He led a Jewish life.

He was loyal to the synagogue and involved himself in its work

This very sanctuary and congregation in which we worship was entrusted to his guidance.

He sustained the synagogues supportive institutions, the Union and the College-Institute

He was the architect of that maintenance plan which guaranteed the past and future of that family of congregations for which I speak

And this, above all,

Lou expressed his Jewishness through the refinement of ethical standards in his personal and communal life,

through the development of a daily decency so high

that it demonstrated to us, to all the world,

that the prophets of Israel and their righteousness somehow lived in him.

Lou not only knew and acted Jewishly, he
also felt his Jewishness keenly.

He was, after all, a man, not just a mind and
he loved this people Israel with an abounding love

In this sense, Lou's leadership of the JDC must be seen as the very pinnacle of his Jewish
career.....

His duties as the Chairman of Joint brought him to every corner of our far flung world
Where he met his fellow Jews of every kind
the rich, the poor, the black, the white, the humble and the proud
he loved them all alike and served them all.

Nor was there ever anything parochial about his Jewishness

He followed the mandate of the rabbis
which bids is always to seek the well being of that community in which we live

He involved himself in efforts to regenerate this city's political life

He founded and led the Liberal Party

he attained to high city office, serving without recompense
bringing those talents of management and skill in negotiating which brought him
so much success in his career.

And thus, he helped New York and its people,
men of every race and creed
of all degrees of wealth and education in the sight of God and man.

The universal and the particular were united within Lou

He was as proud of his membership in the French Legion of Honor
as he was when the Hebrew Union College gave him an honorary doctorate.

We think now also of Lou Broido the man,
of his energy, his ebullience, his keen sense of humor,
of that brightness which even failing strength could never dim.

He was a master-craftsman in the art of living
and the essence of his talent was his zest for life itself
he luxuriated in just being, breathing, living
no moment of existence passed him unaware
he seized each golden minute of his life, with all his heart and soul and might.

Lou's love for life extended to those who filled it...

Ted, his son, provided us with an apt metaphor for this aspect of Lou's being

when he told me yesterday that he thought of his father's life as fulfilling that promise implicit in that benediction which was spoken when he entered the Covenant of Abraham

K'SHEM SH'NICHNAT LABRIT, KEN YIKANESS L'TORAH, L'CHUPAH, U'L'MASSIM TOVIM, So spoke his parents eight days after his birth.

"Even as he enters into this Covenant, so may he enter the Torah, the Chupah and good deeds."

The Chupah is the canopy of the marriage ceremony.

It is symbolic of that home which is to be established

Lou was indeed such a sheltering canopy, not only to his nuclear, but to his extended family

his brothers and his sisters, his nephews and his nieces

they all received an equal measure of his guidance and his care.

He was a good parent

no gift of life was sweeter to him than his children,

they were his pride, his most precious possession

He loved them not only well but wisely - he did not stifle them

And he loved those whom they loved,

their mates, their children, his grand-children,
they were the jewels of his crown.

And he was a noble husband...

to Lucy, to the end of her days

and then to Dorothy who brightened his final years

who cared for him with so much tenderness

whose brightness and ebullience matched his own so perfectly.

Lou Broido, a noble human being, an aristocrat, yet humanist a giant of a man.....

Aye, he lived the kind of life many of us only dream to live

a life large and generous, bold and adventurous,

great in the scope of its desire,

warm with imagination, magnanimous in forgiveness

smilingly triumphant over setback and over disaster.

Alas, for those who are gone, and whose like will not soon appear again!

And yet, not all is gone, is it

Not everything is interred with our bones

That which we create lives on, long after we are gone, to bless the lives of others.

When Chanayo ben Teradyon, noblest of Jewish martyrs was burned at the stake
wrapped in a Scroll of the Law

his pupils who witnessed his terrible agony cried out

"our master our teacher, what seest thou"

and he replied

"I see the parchment burning, but the letters of the Law, they soar on high.

Even so it is with us,

Our flesh may perish...our hands will wither,

but that which they create, in beauty and in goodness and in truth,
that remains, for all time to come.

And so the words Lou spoke,

the beauty he created so abundantly

the love he gave in life,

these will warm and sustain us always

these precious endowments were never bound to his bodily frame,

to the cells of his brain or to the fibres of his great heart

they came from a spirit within him and beyond him

and this spirit lives on for everlasting blessing.

It is this spirit and the knowledge of its lasting nature which brings us our final comfort

which gives us the strength to turn from the silence of the grave to the tasks of life

for this above all is what Lou would have us do, could lips now silent speak

to turn to life, that life which he embraced so fully

to offer care to those who fill it

to bestow a double measure of love on those who remain

Do not honor by weeping.

May we find the wisdom and strength to do so

Then will we give substance to those words which we now offer only as a promise
that we will remember Lou forever.....and that his memory will be for blessing. Amen.

A FINAL TRIBUTE

TO

ELISA MICHAELS BRICKNER



Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler

August 13, 1973

15 Av 5733

Martha's Vineyard Hebrew Congregation
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts

With heavy heart we meet here this day. Great is our grief.
Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul. For a cord is
loosed; the silver chain is broken, tender ties of love and
friendship have been torn asunder by sudden, cruel death.

There is no fate more terrible than this: The death of the
young. Parents grieving for a child.

RACHEL MEVAKAH AL BANEHA...

Rachel weeps for her children; she will not be comforted,
for her children are dead.

We come to give strength - our own strength fails us. We
come to fortify faith - but our faith falters. It is steadied
only by what we see here: a family fiercely determined to
face the future with spirit undismayed.

On his long, lone journey from Israel to this place, Balfour
wrote some lines which serve as substance for much of what I
say in my farewell to Elisa. Listen to his words, and sense
and share his faith.

"Elisa's death was an accident...nothing of either
the demonic or the divine is to be found in what
happened...God is not proving us...There is no
reason to curse Him...and there is no one to blame
for what has happened...Elisa was as eager to take
the trip as we were to have her go...what happened
could have happened anywhere...

"A great gift was ours...The Mind of the Universe shared a small measure of its greatness with us... in the form of a daughter whom we were privileged to bring into this world, help grow, train and enjoy ...we accepted the delight she gave us, suffered through those trials we laid on one another, rejoiced in her successes and achievements, cried at her failures and frustrations...and this for all too brief a time...

"And now we must separate ourselves from the physical part of her being...It is but that part of her which lived in time and space...but we retain and cling to that part of her which encompasses eternity, that reality which is without the limitations of time and space...

"Death is the turning from time to eternity - a wise man said. The measure of our capacity to confront death is revealed in the extent to which we understand and accept this truth."

We who come to bring comfort find it here, in Balfour's strength and in Barbara's too, in their determination to turn from death to life, from the silence of the grave to the sounds and tumult of being.

This turning from death to life will not be easy, because of the greatness of their loss. It is commensurate with their gift, for they were richly blessed. Elisa was a jewel.

Chronologically, she was only at the beginning of her life, late adolescence, seventeen, that "wonderful, tangled, tangling age... the adult and the child struggling to find their proper place within her"...a pose of independence masking her still fragile self...the tension of a girl "who knew that she was more gifted than others...that pleased her...she took fierce pride in her accomplishments..." but she also wanted to be a part of the group, fully accepted by her fellows. Those tensions were just beginning to resolve. "Things were finally falling into place for her," Barbara said. Bright promise nearly fulfilled.

Elisa sensed this too. In these lovely lines of her last published poem she speaks of her life's new beginning:

"Like the sunrise, my life is just beginning
It begins by sending out tentative rays
to discover the world.
Slowly its sphere of influence broadens
to include more than its own light.
Some of the clouds have been pushed away,
and some gray mist remains.
I wonder:
shall my life continue to follow the sun's course
on a burst of brightness mount to the sky..
travel the path to other horizons with sunbeams
set on a world made a little brighter by my passage
I can only hope..."

What a plaintive ending this -- "I can only hope" -- especially when read with the knowledge of that hope's frustration. Was it an intimation of mortality? She had the poet's gifts, and poets are cursed with the gift of foresight.

In the world of her emotions she may still have moved between the girl and the woman. But her ideals, her convictions, were well formed; there was nothing tentative about them.

She was a "deeply sensitive soul." The hurt of others was her hurt..."every injustice an injustice which offended her." Sham, pretense, hypocrisy repelled her. The Vietnam war made her angry and sick, because it "violated everything that was of value to her: life, national integrity, justice, honesty, humanity."

Things meant nothing to her...ideas did. She read, voluminously. Her parents could never "keep her in books." Her personal library was rich, reflecting the remarkable variety of her concerns.

As much as she enjoyed learning, she liked to teach. Barney and Adam know that...she was their mentor. She seemed headed toward a career in education, possibly Jewish education, perhaps even the rabbinate. "No one would have been surprised were that to have happened." Rebecca and Elisa, after all, were very much alike.

She revelled in her Jewishness. A year in Israel on Kfar Blum "sealed the love of the land and the language and the people into the very fiber of her being." She loved her Judaism, intelligently, She responded to the rituals of tradition. Reared in both, she felt as at home in a Conservative shul as she did in a Reform temple. Intellectually, though, she was a Reform Jewess. "She knew the difference between myth and fact, fable and truth, in matters religious, as she did in all other things."

Of course she loved life. She relished in just living, breathing, being. And she loved nature...one senses this to have been almost an obsession. The meadows and the trees, the sand and the sun and the sea, they were her desire, her special delight.

There is a poster in Elisa's room whose image haunts me. It is the picture of a girl astride on a horse, her head held high, her tresses flowing in the air. The caption reads:

"The wind meets me in a thunderous rush of being."

This is the way Elisa saw herself and was: rushing to meet life, eager to explore and learn all things, to plunge into nature and to probe it, to embrace the land and sea, in all their wildness and their mystery.

It is this nature which finally claimed her -- too soon -- and she finds her final resting place in a particular part of it she knew and loved, "a place most suited to her nature." There she sleeps. But the soul of her, that golden glowing, wondrous soul of her, lives on to shine upon another dawn.

We return to the words of a father and the thoughts of a mother:

"Alizah...we hold you very close...happiness was your name, and you were true to it. You brought us much joy...you must continue to do so..."

"But now it is hard. The wound of death is open and the pain hurts. It is a moment of searing. Thank all heavens that we have family and friends who surround us. Friendship does bring warmth. Only those who have suffered know that."

"We are not the first to lose a child, but the death of one so young, so brimming with the hope of what could be, so internally and externally lovely, that is indeed hard to face."

"Somehow we shall. The job of the living is to survive."

PRAYER

Jay Kaufman

Out of the depths we cry unto Thee, O Lord our heavenly Father
Great is our grief
Bitter the anguish which afflicts our soul
For a cord is loosed
The silver chain is broken
Tender ties of friendship and of love have been torn asunder by relentless death.

Vainly do we look for words or thoughts of comfort.
We cannot find them
Except perhaps in the knowledge that we share a destiny common to every man
We are all strangers before Thee, O God,
Sojourners as were our fathers.
Our days on earth vanish like a shadow
Scarcely ushered into life, we begin our journey to the grave.
We moisten our morsel of bread with tears and with the sweat of ceaseless toil
And in the end our fondest hopes vanish in death.

Our faith enjoins us to accept evil from Thy hand as well as the good
To praise Thee in gladness and sorrow alike.

We thank Thee, then, for the life that was,
For the precious gift which was ours, though he is no more.

We thank Thee for his mind - active, vigorous, ever exploring...
For his spirit, ebullient in joy, triumphant in disaster
For his heart - warm, magnanimous, all embracing in its care and understanding.

We thank Thee for the devotion with which he served us,
The love with which he loved Thy people - Israel.

We thank Thee for the care with which he surrounded
Those who stood far and those who stood near,
A care which gave true meaning to the words: husband, father, friend.

In truth, he led the kind of life we only dream to live
He was the kind of person we want to be
And everyone whose life was intertwined with his however fleetingly,
Was touched with something of its essential goodness.

And now he is no more,
And because he was what he was and is no more we weep -
Weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay.
Weep because a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives and our lives
Are the darker because of it.

Be near us in the sorrow of our hearts
Send us comfort, consolation, courage...
Give us the strength we need to find our way from the silence of the grave
To the tasks of life...

Those tasks which he valued and served
And through whose advancement we will give him our finest tribute.

- Alexander Schindler

I N M E M O R I A M
R A B B I J A Y K A U F M A N

It is with a heavy heart that I rise to speak these lines
of tribute in memory.

Jay Kaufman was a close friend of mine.

I felt bound to him as David was bound to Jonathan.

The span of Jay's life was too brief.

He was cut down while still only on the threshold of his life ---
a life of service to his people.

Thus we mourn not only what we lost,
but the loss of what well might have been,
what would have been, had he been granted those years
which are normally allotted to man.

What was -- to be sure -- was sufficiently great;
a rabbi of several congregations,
the leader of one of American Jewry's dominant synagogue movements,
finally, executive head of B'nai B'rith with its many-varied
programs of world-wide effect.

In retrospect, Jay's years as the UAHC Vice President were his most productive.

Under his leadership that organization grew --

from three to sixteen regions,

from 250 to 700 congregations,

from perhaps a quarter of a million to one million souls.

He intensified its program of Jewish education.

He built and nurtured its extensive Jewish camping effort.

He was the architect of its Israel programs,

making firm those bonds which bind the state and the people of Israel.

He was a close friend of COJO's even in the days when organizational limitations did not permit his direct participation.

The concept of a united world Jewry moved him deeply.

I do not know whether he conceived of the idea of a global approach to Jewish education,

but I do know that it was he who kept the idea alive,

who prodded many to its care,

whose force of will alone brought

the garment of reality to the thought.

And now the Commission on Jewish Education is seen as

the *raison d'etre* for COJO in its larger, more fundamental sense.

Jay brought many gifts of mind and heart to his endeavors -

intelligence

industry

integrity.

The ability to transmit his ideas forcefully articulated
in the written and the spoken word
and in the manner of his life.

And this above all:

he was an *loves' nalk* one who loved the land
and the people of Israel with a passion.

A reform Jew, the word Reform was merely a qualifying adjective
for him -- his accent was always on the noun.

A mid-western American - he transcended the isolationist
mood of his environment to become a citizen of the Jewish world.
Certainly he was an *loves' nalk* in the more restrictive sense,
he loved the land, the soil, its trees -
Jerusalem was the capital of his heart.

There was a saying of the Rimanofer Rebbe which
became the leitmotif of Jay's life:

*אדם אחד היה שם וקראו לו רבי רמנופר
הוא היה מלמד את תלמידיו וקראו לו רבי רמנופר
ואמר להם הריני רמנופר ואתם תלמידי רמנופר*

And now he is no more.

And because he was what he was and is no more we weep.

Weep over motionless form and unresponsive clay,

weep because a star has been torn from the firmament of our lives

and our lives are the darker because of it.

אדם אחד היה שם וקראו לו רבי רמנופר

Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler
COJO Conference
Geneva, July 1972